

By **ELIZABETH LATTIMER.**

Scenes.
Two and a half cups flour, one tablespoon baking powder, one-half teaspoon salt, two cups of hot milk, one-half cup sugar, one-half cup raisins, one-half cup walnut meats two tablespoons shortening. Make like biscuits, but roll in two pieces. Take one piece and roll so it will fit a pie tin. Then take a knife and run it down the middle and across, so it will make four pieces. Do the same with other piece of dough. Bake in moderate oven. After removing from oven, split each piece open, fill with hot jelly or marmalade. Serve hot or cold.

MRS. GEORGE H.

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water.

THE CHAPTER LVIII.

THE week following her talk with Doris and Ruth was a hard one for Roddy Courtney. First of all, she was disappointed when she learned the result of the new specialist's call. He examined Hugh carefully, but declined to express an opinion for the present, as he feared that the period the patient must be kept in a dark room.

"Not that it will make any difference to Hugh himself," Laura explained to Ruth, "but it will be hard for those who must be with him, as the light is permitted, for that can be screened from him. None of us can see to read by that flickering glow—so we will have to be satisfied to talk to the poor lad. And he will get tired of all of us—except you, Ruth."

"He may get tired of me, too," the girl reminded her, "if he knew who I am he would order me out of the house. But never mind about that now; we must think of some way to amuse him. There is always the piano, of course."

"Yes, and fortunately you can play without notes," the sister observed. "Yet, the queer part of it all is that Hugh is so much more cheerful than he was some days ago. I cannot understand it. He was, naturally nervous after the examination, yet when he was told that he must wait for a week or two more before learning certainly, and that he might then there might not be anything certain to tell him, he just smiled and said, 'All right! If the rest of you can stand it, I can'." Dr. Denton was surprised at his cheer."

Finally, Ruth was wondering if Hugh was not happy because of his growing conviction of the depth of Doris' love. This idea was confirmed by his greeting of herself when, after her talk with Laura, she came to see him.

"Hugh!" she said as she entered.

He turned quickly at the sound of her voice.

"Look out, don't tumble over anything in this dark place," he cautioned her, "I am glad you have come!"

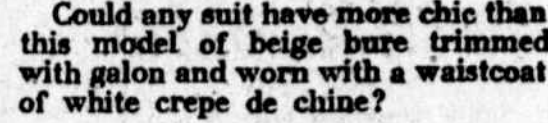
Trying to Console Him.

"Laura has told me what the doctors have said about you, Hugh," she remarked as she received his kiss, "so you are to be in darkness for a while, are you?"

Hugh laughed. "That means little to me, for I have been in the dark for so long. Yet, do you know, Doris—hesitating as he spoke—has told me that if I live to be a hundred I shall never forget the hours we have spent here this winter—the sound of the crackling fire and the music of your dear voice. When I first got home, I believed I could never be so happy again. I am glad, so you are to be there then, too, dear?"

"Yes."

He felt for her hand, then smiled as he found it. He fingered the little pearl ring that had been his for so long, and as his mind was



By Dr. Wm. A. McKeever,

I know a man who said it was "awful" that so many little children were pinched and half starved in the dingy slums of his city, but he was doing nothing to help.

I know a man who remarked that "somebody certainly ought to do something to save the starving children in the Near East," but his pocketbook never reached his postcard.

I know a man who was in possession of "positive proof" that an "international" syndicate was kidnapping girls of his home city and standing in with the underworld for "good money and political preferment," but he never turned a head to prevent.

I know a man who masqueraded as a Christian while he ran a big sweatshop establishment, and who was surrounded by girls who were being dreadfully overworked and

misreated, but he kept the matter covered as much as possible.

I know a man who argued ably the point that there "ought to be a clean-up" in his home city for the sake of the many boys who were being taught gambling, crap shooting, and petty larceny; but it never occurred to him that he was one of the guilty party and that he was responsible to man and to God for such outrages against the local youth.

I know a man who can easily spend an hour explaining how the young of today are "thoroughly corrupted" and that he is justified by reference to the Scriptures that these wicked youths are never to have a chance to get into the kingdom of men. But he is quite wrong in his condemnation and does nothing intended to redeem them.

young from their so-called fallen state.

I know a woman who is cross and impatient with children, who has none of her own, but who could train any baby better than its mother can do it—only she had no chance to do the thing for a short time. There is a baby orphanage where there is a baby orphanage with—at this particular date—exactly twelve little ones waiting for a foster home. But this "mammy" lady has no time to do the thing for a short time, seeming not to be aware of her own sin of negligence to do her duty.

I know a woman's club which meets every Thursday afternoon at a place select, richly surrounded, card party, while over the way is a big home of the friendless, where sick, emaciated young boys and girls are supplied with the bare comforts of life, but devotedly loved by several unsalaried Sisters of Charity.

Often the fine-laced club members "have read in the papers" about the high cost of living and its hardships entailed on the poorer

classes, but none of them seems ever to have heard about—much less pitied and ministered unto—the 101 little unfortunates at the orphanage.

So the world passes its troubles along and puts off till it is too late the action of altruism and ministering love. "Something ought to be done" is the seemingly heartfelt cry. But it is only a form of palsied good wishes. Even the want of the children no longer stimulates the action.

The Nesting-Place.

"What little boy can tell me where the home of the swallow is?" asked a teacher of natural history. There was a long silence, then a hand was held up. "Well, Wilkins, where is it?" "The home of the swallow," declared Wilkins seriously "is in the stummick!"

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MARY, Mary, quite contrary, is having a dreadful time. She wants to be happy, but she is so desperately anxious to be happy—and she isn't. So she cries and gets the blues, and leans out of the window and looks at the stars and sighs, and when the moon makes a bright patch on silver on the dancing water, Mary, Mary, looks at it and wishes she could walk straight up that shining path, up and out and away.

"Where is it, anywhere, so it isn't where she is right now!"

Mary, Mary, doesn't care about being sensible, she doesn't even worry much about being good.

"Success! Well, maybe, but that isn't so important!"

Usefulness? Perhaps, but, after all, what's the use of being useful if you aren't happy? Oh, Mary, Mary is having a terrible time! Wonder if she's the least bit to blame herself?

I was talking with Someone about Mary, Mary, just last night.

This Someone is a woman past her prime, but she's still full of the love of life and everything that life means—joy and sorrow, and love and laughter, and all the rest of it.

Someone had had rather a stormy life, she has been twice married. Her first husband was clever and good and devoted—he died when Someone was just a bride.

In a few years someone married again, and her second husband turned out to be not very much of a success. He didn't make Someone at all happy. One day he just quietly walked out and she was left to turn back, and when Someone

something I've never had and am never going to get, and she doesn't know why I don't want it? Because I've learned that if I got it it wouldn't be a bit what I thought it was going to be.

"Happy? Can a woman whose heart has been broken ever be really happy?"

"Listen!" Someone leaned to me in the friendly dusk of the quiet room. I could see her profile clear against the moonlight, and it was calm and beautiful. "I was never calm nor contented in my life until my heart had been broken and healed again."

"Led again?"

"Of course. Do you think that all sorts of love can bring happiness?"

"I don't."

"If anyone told me I was going to fall in love tomorrow, I'd run to the end of the earth to get away from the trouble and the anguish of it."

"Happiness? Oh, there's so much of it in the world, but you never find it until you stop looking for it. I wonder if it would be like Mary. Mary any good to have a talk with Someone, and see her clear, tranquil eye, and notice the calm contentment of her every gesture and every look?"

"I'm afraid not."

Poor Mary, Mary, she isn't ready to graduate yet.

Some day when she's out of the kindergarten stage of life, she'll be looking back and feeling sorry for herself. Poor, eager, restless, hoping, craving, despairing Mary, Mary!

"I'll be only stop trying so hard to find happiness. I believe she'll be happy, after all."

WALTER CAMP'S HANDBOOK ON HEALTH. By Walter Camp. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1914. For more than thirty years Walter Camp, Yale's great football mentor and authority, has dealt with men. During the past three years Camp was instrumental in assisting in practical physical training for older as well as younger men in the army. Out of a vast fund of knowledge and experience and requirements, Camp has pared away the non-essentials, obliterated the faded and presented entertainingly and convincingly the sound doctrine of health and safety. His Camp has covered a wide field and has done a first-class job. The Handbook is of inestimable value for all ages and conditions. A brief presentation of the problems of youth and age, a dozen daily essays, a review of the follies of everyday life and the application of sound hygienic principles to fire, school boys, collegians and industrial workers forms the basis of the work. The problem of keeping fit is not only necessary but fun, and the Camp workmanship in the little volume is unsurpassed.

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